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HOURLY
OF
SORROW

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Hours of Sorrow.



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HOURES
-
SORROW
CHEERED AND COMFORTED

BY
CHARLOTTE BLAKEY,
AUTHOR OF "WEIRD FOLK AND WOODS."

"Wings with which thou wast clothed in thy
Glory art of blessings fallen,
Wings that didst thou wear in thy mountain home."

—
Ecclesiastes.

FROM THE FIFTH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA.
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON,
1865.

HOURS
OR
SORROW
CHEERED AND COMFORTED.

BY
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HYMNS FOR A WEEK."

"Weep with them that weep."—ROMANS 12 : 15.

"Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost,—that my heart has bled."

YOUNG.

FROM THE FIFTH LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA.
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

1857.

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HOURS OF SORROW.

TO THE READER.

NOT for the gay and thoughtless do I weave
These plaintive strains ; they have not learned
to grieve,
Their joyous days, mirth, health, and gladness
wing ;
The laughing hours around them dance and
sing :
The light within their dwellings is not gone ;
Their cherished plants no worm has fed upon :
These are the few in such a world as this ;—
The many scarcely taste the cup of bliss,

Ere some rude stroke, e'en while its sweets
they sip,
Dashes it (oft forever) from their lip.
For such, for such alone, I tune my lay ;
They feel life's path a rough and thorny way ;
And, looking sadly round, no longer find
Those who shed gladness on the track behind,
Strewed it with flowers, illumed it with their
smile,
And toil, and care, and sorrow could beguile.
These, as they pass along, depressed, forlorn,
Suffering from man's neglect, perchance his
scorn,
Feeling the world no balsam can bestow,
To soothe the aching heart, or medicine woe,
May, midst their sorrows, lend a listening ear
To strains whose purpose is their grief to
cheer ;
To tell them where another heart found rest,
Once, like their own, disquieted, unblessed,
And where, though sought in vain on earthly
ground,
A balm of sovereign virtue may be found.

SONNET TO THE HARP.

Poor tuneless harp ! I take thee to my Lord ;
Though all unmeet to offer at his shrine,
If he endue my hand with skill divine,
Sweet melody shall breathe from every chord ;
And thou to that high use shall be restored,
Which erst in sinless Paradise was thine :
I lay thee at his feet, no longer mine ;
The strings all mute till wakened at his word.
Oh ! thou wert formed in those unsullied
days,
When joy, love, innocence, attuned each lyre,
To blend thy music with celestial lays ;
And e'en my notes shall mingle with that
choir,
If He, the eternal soul of harmony,
Now, by his Spirit, deign to breathe on me.

INVOCATION TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BLESSED Spirit ! Thou who deignest,
 In each bosom where thou reignest,
 Heavenly thoughts to inspire ;
 Now, thy gracious influence lending,
 With my strain its virtue blending,
 Wake my simple lyre !

Let it breathe some hallowed numbers,
 Ere in death the minstrel slumbers,
 Who implores thy skill ;
 Let it soothe some ear that listens,
 Let it dry some tear that glistens,
 Ere my heart be still !

There are bosoms wrung with anguish
 Mourners who in silence languish ;
 Hidden wounds that bleed.
 Heavenly comforter of sorrow !
 Balm for these if I might borrow,
 I were blessed indeed.

THE MINSTREL.

WITHIN a darkened room I saw one sit,
 Touching a plaintive lyre,
 Upward she looked, and then her eye seemed lit
 With transient fire :
 But ever and anon I heard her sigh,
 And ever and anon tears filled her eye.

Deep thoughts oppressed her, and I heard her
 say,
 “ Oh ! sad is human life !
 I see dark forms attend the pilgrim’s way,—
 Care, suffering, strife ;
 His toilsome journey is beset with foes,
 And death stands waiting at its awful close.

“ But hush ! ” she said, and paused ; then seemed
 awhile
 To hear one speak :
 2*

Her dark thoughts vanished, and a peaceful
smile

Played on her cheek.

Once more she listened, tuned her lyre again,
Then, soft and low, breathed forth a heaven-
taught strain.

ADDRESS TO SORROW.

FROM heavenly mines I borrow
 The gems to form thy crown ;
 In this poor world, sweet Sorrow !
 Thy worth is little known.

And yet no angel's mission
 Can brighter gifts impart,
 Than thou, man's kind physician,
 If welcomed by the heart.

The fatal mists around him
 Disperse at thy approach ;
 The magic spells that bound him
 Are broken by thy touch.

Thou throw'st thy mournful shading
 O'er earth's delusive joy ;
 And then its bright hues fading,
 Nor dazzle nor decoy.

Then when the world looks dreary,
And when, with grief oppressed,
The sufferer, faint and weary,
Seeks out some place of rest;

Then, Sorrow ! thou dost guide him
To Penitence and Faith :
These place fair Hope beside him,
To cheer his heavenward path.

Sweet thoughts of comfort bringing,
Peace o'er his heart they shed
In strange seraphic singing,—
“Thou shalt be comforted !”

The tree of life disclosing
Its odorous balm revealed ;
Beneath its shade reposing,
His every wound is healed.

And now, thy task completed,
Thy mission at an end ;
The weary wanderer greeted
By Him, “the Sinner’s Friend ;”

If still thine aid He borrow,
Thy chastening hand employ,
Thy sweet associate, Sorrow !
Will, from that hour, be Joy.

TO A MOURNER.

A voice beloved, thus spoke of late,
In sad yet chastened tone—
“ My heart at times is desolate.
I feel alone.”

I looked upon that loved one’s brow,
And read the traces there :
Those who have suffered learn to know
Of grief and care.

Though now the storms have passed away,
Enough remains to mark
That life has been a wintry day,
Stormy and dark.

So stands some tempest-riven tree,
Its fairest branches gone ;
It ne’er what once it was, can be,
Ere storms came down.

Yet, mourner, though tears filled my eye,
And dimmed my thoughtful gaze,
I looked on thee rejoicingly,
And gave God praise.

What though thine earthly hopes are crushed,
Thine earthly wishes crossed,
Those voices sweet in silence hushed,
That cheered thee most :

Does not a voice more cheering still
New hopes, new joys impart ?
And thoughts of holiest power instil,
To heal thy heart ?

Hast thou not meekly learned to bow,
With acquiescing love,
To Him whose hand has brought thee low,
His love to prove ?

Does not thy faith strike deeper roots ?
Blest who that faith possess !
Are there not formed the peaceful fruits
Of righteousness ?

Oh, yes ! The process I behold,
And joyfully admire,
Through which thou wilt come forth as gold
Tried in the fire.

Concealed from man the dross may lie,
Now with the metal mixed ;
But on it the Refiner's eye
Is calmly fixed.

Nor will He leave (this thought is joy)
The gold He thus refines,
Till in it, pure from all alloy,
His image shines.

THE WANDERER.

THERE was a wanderer once who sought in
 vain
 At earthly fountains to assuage her thirst ;
 For though they sparkled and seemed sweet
 at first,
 Soon, unabated, it returned again ;
 But He who marks and pities human pain,
 Whose eye of love seeks out the lost, the
 worst,
 Met her, in mercy infinite, as erst
 Another wanderer on Samaria's plain :
 He led her to that living stream which flows
 From heavenly founts, the pilgrim to restore ;
 And there she quenched her thirst, and found
 that those
 Who drink that water thirst again no more,
 But hasten on, through strength divinely
 given,
 E'en till they reach the fountain-head in
 heaven.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

THERE is a holy sacrifice,
 Which God himself will not despise ;
 Nay, more, Jehovah deigns to prize
 The contrite heart.

That “high and lofty One,” whose praise
 Inspires the rapt archangels’ lays,
 With favorable eye surveys
 The contrite heart.

The Holy One, the Son of God,
 His presence there will shed abroad,
 And consecrate, as his abode,
 The contrite heart.

The blessed Spirit, from on high,
 Will listen to its faintest sigh,
 And heal, and cheer, and purify
 The contrite heart.

Saviour ! I make my prayer to thee ;
Such as thou lovest I fain would be,
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
A contrite heart !

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

I HEARD an Æolian harp, when the wings
 Of the soft summer-zephyr flew light o'er the
 strings,
 Waking sounds like the far-distant curfew that
 flings
 Echoes broken and faint down the vale :

But I heard it again, when the winter's cold
 blast
 Swept roughly and rudely each chord as it past,
 Then the strange spirit-minstrelsy, wakened at
 last,
 Swelled, fitful and wild, in the gale.

When summer and sunshine breathe perfume
 around,
 And earth by the Christian an Eden is found,
 The notes of his harp indistinctly resound ;
 Too faintly his praises are given ;

But when on his bosom the winter-winds beat,
When the blast of the desert lays bare his
retreat,
When the storm which has crushed him wakes
concord so sweet,
Angels listen, and waft them to heaven.

ST. MATTHEW 5:4.

I stood in spirit on that sacred mount,
 Where He who spoke as man could never
 speak,
 With Godlike power and majesty, though
 meek,
 Poured words of life from truth's eternal fount.
 A few poor men, plain and of no account,
 Were nearest to Him: them his eye would
 seek,
 While from its glance love's radiance seemed
 to break,
 And beam o'er multitudes too vast to count.
 I strove, as from an oracle divine,
 To catch some words to treasure in my heart;
 And though a distant place, alas! was mine,
 And those dear accents reached me but in part,
 One hallowed sentence to my ear was borne:
 The words were these: "*Blessed are they that
 mourn.*"

RETROSPECTION.

O ! how oft, unseen, unknown,
 Does "the soul of feeling"
 Muse on friends far off, or gone,
 Memory's stores unsealing.

O'er the track of years gone by,
 Pleased the spirit wanders ;
 Breathes o'er many a spot a sigh,
 Many a record ponders.

Scenes which long have disappeared,
 From their sleep awaken ;
 Sounds by loved lost friends endeared,
 Joys by them partaken.

Funeral tokens rise around,
 The full heart o'erpowering ;
 Urns with many a garland bound,
 Cypress-trees embowering.

Bright and fragrant there appear
Flowers of recollection ;
Bathed by many a holy tear,
Nursed by fond affection.

O ! ye loved, lamented few !
Once to me united,
Heavenward by each thought of you
Be my soul incited !

THE VALLEY OF TEARS.

WHEN I entered on life, and my fancy was gay,
When hope's rosy dawning illuminated my way,
When the paths were all flowery, untrodden,
and green,

And pleasure and novelty gladdened the scene,
The sound was unwelcome and strange to my
ears,

When they called this fair region "a valley of
tears."

But the days of enchantment flew rapidly past,
And the sunshine within and without was
o'ercast;

The tints of the morning soon melted away,
The buds and sweet blossoms proved transient
as they;

And I owned, with a sigh, that life sometimes
appears

A sorrowful path through a valley of tears.

Still onward I journeyed, but journeyed alone,
For I found that with novelty pleasure had
flown,

My path grew insipid ; I slackened my pace,
And longed the fair track I had passed to re-
trace ;

For I said, " What a different aspect it wears
From this, which is really a valley of tears ! "

But while with reluctance I granted it true,
My spirit recoiled from so altered a view ;
And because disappointment had broken the
cup

Presented by fancy, replenished by hope,
She spurned, in her bitterness, all that still
cheers

This region of shadows, this valley of tears.

I looked on it now as a desolate spot,
Where sin, linked with sorrow, wide ruin had
wrought ;
And where'er I discovered some lingering trace
Of its early magnificence, beauty, and grace,

It seemed but to tell me of happier years,
Ere the world was transformed to a valley of
tears.

My soul grew impatient and weary of life,
As a scene of distress, disappointment, and
strife,
And beheld in herself, and each pilgrim below,
But the victims of suffering, delusion, and
woe,—
All doomed, for a period of sorrowful years,
To mourn, or to toil, in the valley of tears.

For as yet she discerned not a country more
bright
Than that which so early had ceased to de-
light;
Nor sources of pure and more permanent bliss,
That can spring from a soil so polluted as this:
She felt not the mercy which gladdens and
cheers
The Christian's abode in the valley of tears.

But now, while I keep that fair country in view,
With hope and with patience my path I pursue;
In sadness and weariness sweet the belief,
That my home is not distant, my journey but brief;
And that, when I have passed a few troublesome years,
I shall wander no more in the valley of tears.

THE SKYLARK.

How sweet is the song of the lark as she
 springs
 To welcome the morning with joy on her
 wings !
 As higher she rises, more sweetly she sings,
 And she sings when *we* hear her no more.
 When storms and dark clouds veil the sun
 from our sight,
 She has mounted above them ; she shines in
 his light ;
 There, far from the scenes that disturb and
 affright,
 She loves her gay music to pour.

It is thus with the Christian : he sees, from
 afar,
 The dayspring appearing, the bright morning-
 star ;

He quits this dark valley of sorrow and care,
For the land whence the radiance is given :
He sings on his way from this cloud-covered
spot,
The swifter his progress, the sweeter his note :
When *we* hear it no longer, the song ceases
not ;—
It blends with the chorus of heaven.

THE MOON OVER THE SEA.

O ! fix on that beautiful planet thine eye ;
Observe her bright course as she travels on
high,
And bears, like a vestal, her lamp through the
sky,
 Arrayed in her garments of light ;
While pure and exalted her pathway she
treads,
O'er the rough sea beneath her, soft radiance
she sheds ;
Where'er she approaches, the darkness recedes,
 Till, in beauty, she glides from our sight.

Fair orb ! there are some in this world of our
own,
Like thyself, who in light and in silence move
on ;

They walk in "white raiment," and calmly
look down

On life's turbulent ocean beneath :
The noise of its waves at a distance they hear :
And, shedding soft light from their luminous
sphere,
This region of darkness and sorrow they cheer,
And are beautiful even in death.

ON SACRED MUSIC.

IT is said that the exile who chances to hear,
 In the land of the stranger his own native
 tongue,
 Or some strain that in childhood delighted his
 ear,
 Though he listen with rapture, yet weeps o'er
 the song.

For then what bright visions appear to his
 view !
 What scenes of enchantment rise quickly
 around !
 The land where the first breath of freedom he
 drew,
 His home, his loved kindred, he seems to have
 found !

But though sweet the delusion, not long can it
 last :
 In a moment the lovely deceptions are flown :
 4*

With the sounds that produced them, too
quickly they passed,
And the exile stills finds himself sad and
alone.

And is not the Christian an exile on earth ?
And is not sweet music the language of
heaven,
Of that land whence the spirit received her
high birth,
And from whence the bright grant of her
freedom was given ?

And thus, while he listens to anthems of praise,
Or some soft-stealing melody falls on his ear,
Those regions of joy he in spirit surveys,
And seems the sweet song of the ransomed
to hear.

Nay, he seems to have entered that haven of
rest,
To have bidden farewell to temptations and
woes.

Already he joins the bright bands of the blest,
Already partakes their eternal repose.

But the charm is soon broken ; the sounds die
away ;

No mandate, as yet, is sent down of release :
He mourns to perceive still so distant the day,
When his sufferings and labors forever shall
cease.

That day of delight, when, an exile no more,
His country, his home, his loved friends he
regains,

Tunes his harp to the chorus oft longed for
before,

Where "sorrow and sighing" ne'er blend
with the strains.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

WHEN music entrances my ear,
While I yield to its mystic control,
Still the sounds so delightful to hear,
Never reach the dark depths of the soul.

She has sighs, and complainings, and woes,
Which melody charms not to rest ;
And though sweet be the tear as it flows,
The lone spirit within is unblest.

But, oh ! when, as borne from above,
Hallowed voices breathe accents of praise,
They waft to that region of love
The spirit which thrills to their lays.

For then, their sweet melodies bless
That name which is balm for all woe ;
And the heart, from its inmost recess,
Echoes back the loved sounds as they flow.

STANZAS FOR A FRIEND IN SORROW.

It must be so; the feeling heart must oft receive a wound;

Must often be compelled to part from those it twined around:

It must be so; life's shadows still must lengthen o'er our way,

And darkness those bright places fill, where shone joy's sunniest ray.

It must be so; the hopes of youth, the schemes gay fancy wove,

The fictions we believed as truth, must all delusive prove;

And e'en in manhood's riper day, with wisdom for our guide,

The prop selected for our stay oft proves a reed when tried.

It must be so ; our hours of bliss, like a sweet
 April gleam,
 Just smile on such a world as this, then vanish
 like a dream ;
 Hope's Iris, with its beauteous braid, melts in
 the clouds it wreathes ;
 Joy's roseate flower begins to fade, e'en while
 its fragrance breathes.

It must be so ; the friends beloved, who cheered
 life's earlier day,
 By time estranged, by death removed, pass one
 by one away ;
 Till oft, ere half its sands can fall, we look
 around and sigh—
 “ How many now my tears recall whose smile
 once blest my eyes ! ”

While o'er the heart these changes come, and
 man, earth's transient guest,
 Learns that the soul has here no home, no seat
 of tranquil rest ;
 Then whither turns that eye, now dim with
 disappointed hope ?
 Asks he fair Truth to draw for him, her hea-
 venly horoscope ?

Alas ! too oft he turns to grief; calls back enjoy-
ments past,
Lives o'er again those moments brief, too blest,
 too bright to last ;
Forgets that bitters marred the sweet, and thorns
 the flowers, e'en then ;
Feels that his sun of bliss has set, and twilight
 days remain.

Or if from Grief he pass away, to seek a sterner
 guide,
Philosophy ! he courts thy sway, thy loftier code
 is tried :
But Reason the firm mind may win, and nerve
 its high resolves,
While on its axis, dark within, the restless
 heart revolves.

'Tis braced and disciplined, not healed; its
 wounds are stanch'd, not cured ;
These moral anodynes but yield calm midst
 the pain endured :
Not this the kind result designed, by Him who,
 from above,
Thus breaks each tie too strongly twined, that
 we may seek his love.

48 STANZAS FOR A FRIEND IN SORROW.

E'en as the bird "stirs up her nest," to make
her nurslings fly,
He here forbids us to find rest, towards heaven
to raise our eye:
The sunshine is from earth removed, that hea-
ven more bright may seem,
The heart denied what most it loved, till there
He reign supreme.

Then all around a light is shed, which ne'er
will fade away;
More radiant grows the path we tread, e'en "to
the perfect day;"
Each wound is healed, each want supplied, joys
given which leave us never;
The heart's deep longing satisfied, and satisfied
forever.

THE REQUIEM.

I possessed a sweet flower ; it bloomed for a
while ;

Its sweetness was wont every care to beguile,
But I cherished too fondly the flower ;
I viewed it as one of the blossoms of heaven,
To which beauty and fragrance perennial are
given,
Nor thought it could fade in an hour.

For it seemed to belong to that region of love,
And reminded me oft of the climate above,
Where all is refreshing and pure ;
It was granted to brighten my sojourn on earth,
And to raise my poor heart to the land of its
birth ;
But its charms not for me might endure.

While I watched o'er its beauties with anxious
delight,
It received from some blast an invisible blight,
Its colors began to decay ;

At length when I sought it, I found it no more;
It died not:—I trust to a happier shore
 Some angel has borne it away.

Had I prized it less fondly, it still had been mine;
But He who bestowed it, in bounty divine,
 Took it back, not in wrath, but in love:
Its fragrance for me formed an Eden on earth;
And I seldom remembered the land of its birth,
 That lovelier Eden above.

But the charm is now broken, the danger is o'er:
Life has one joy the less, and one sorrow the
 more,
 And my heart for a season must mourn;
The sweeter the fragrance the blossom bestows,
The brighter the colors, the richer the rose,
 The sharper the pang of the thorn.

Sweet blossom, farewell! I shall treasure each
 leaf
Thou hast scattered around me, to soften my
 grief,
 Thy memory their worth will enhance:

These relics, so sadly endeared to my sight,
Not now will awaken too fond a delight,
Too sweetly my senses entrance.

And oh! when my path through the desert is
o'er,
May thy sweet living blossoms delight me once
more,
In that land where the plants never die;
Where enjoyment with danger no more is com-
bined;
Where the strongest yet purest attachment will
bind,
And no parting bring tears to the eye.

Till then, sweetest plant! I must bid thee
farewell;
Long, long will thy charms in my memory
dwell:
Long, long for thy loss shall I mourn:
No plant of the earth shall succeed thee, sweet
flower!
No blossom be nursed in my desolate bower;
I have felt too severely the thorn.

ON NOAH'S DOVE.

A SIMILITUDE.

OH, soul of man ! like that poor dove distrest,
Winging o'er life's dark waves thy weary flight,
Seeking in vain some "isle of beauty bright,"
Some spot where thine exhausted wing may
rest ;

Fly to the *heavenly* ark, that haven blest,
Where, till a spring shall bloom which knows
no blight,
Thou shalt be safe from storms, by day, by
night ;

And Peace, sweet Peace, shall build thy downy
nest.

I see one waiting to "put forth his hand,"
And take thee in, poor, weary fluttering heart !
Fear not his gentle touch ; though weak thou
art,

None like himself thy frame can understand :
Such life, warmth, comfort, strength, that touch
will bring,

Soon shalt thou raise thy drooping head and
sing.

THE VESTAL.

OH ! who has not paused, as he read, to admire
 The tale of that ancient mysterious fire,
 Never suffered, on peril of life, to expire,—
 Everlasting, though kindled below ?
 And viewed the pale Vestal, all lonely, at night,
 Her eye ever fixed on that mystical light ;
 Now feeding the flame, lest it cease to burn
 bright,
 Now her features illumed by its glow ?

A task as unceasing, though nobler, is thine,
 O Christian ! the priest of a holier shrine ;
 In thy heart has been lit by the Spirit divine
 A flame which eternal must prove :
 Like the Vestal, watch o'er it by night and by
 day,
 Let neglect never cause its pure beam to decay :
 Thy life is involved in still brightening its ray,
 Till removed to the temple above.

ON A SPRING MORNING.

THOU ! who art ever present, though unseen,
Amid these beauteous shades I feel Thee near ;
I seem to stand beside Thee, and to hear
That voice which makes the troubled heart
serene.

I love to think Thou on this earth hast been,
And once in human form didst sojourn here,
Where still Thou deignest invisibly to cheer
Each fainting spirit that on Thee would lean.
O ! while in hill and dale, and stream and flower,
With tearful joy thy glories I behold,
On me display thy wonder-working power !
Bid each long-dormant heavenly seed unfold ;
And while around woods, hills, and valleys
sing,
Within my heart wake a celestial spring !

ON AN EARLY VIOLET.

SCARCELY has one bright sunbeam shone,
 Or vernal zephyr waved its wing ;
 Yet is thy fragrance round me thrown,
 Sweet child of spring ;

'Mid leafless shrubs, on the cold earth,
 Rises thy soft and beauteous form,
 Familiar, even from thy birth,
 With many a storm.

There, blooming in thy lonely bed,
 Enfolded in thy mantle green,
 Thy solitary sweets were shed,
 Unknown, unseen.

Yet, could the balmiest breath of May
 To thee one added charm have lent ?
 Could brighter tints thy leaves inlay,
 Or sweeter scent ?

'Tis often thus; the richest flowers
That in the soul's fair garden blow,
Are nurtured by rough winds and showers,
'Mid scenes of woe.

When earthly joys lie all entombed,
And life looks desolate and drear,
Then first hope's heavenly flower has bloomed
The heart to cheer.

Nay, thus in sorrow's wintry day,
The soul herself, 'mid blast and storm,
Gains beauties which joy's summer-ray
Will rarely form.

Nor shall one blast around her blow,
One storm on her fair blossoms beat,
But shall a lovelier hue bestow,
A scent more sweet.

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE."

THERE is a voice, "a still small voice," of love,
 Heard from above;
 But not amidst the din of earthly sounds,
 Which here confounds;
 By those withdrawn apart it best is heard,
 And peace, sweet peace, breathes in each gentle
 word.

In the sick chamber, oft when none are near,
 This voice sounds clear;
 Then o'er the wearied frame, the suffering bed,
 Repose is shed :
 Its whispers fall like balm upon the soul,
 Each pang to soothe, each murmur to control.

Oft on the day of consecrated rest,
 This unseen guest
 Visits the lonely and sequestered room,
 Dispels its gloom,

And pours such sacred melody around,
That not an angel's harp more sweet could
sound.

In that appalling stillness which prevails,
Where nature fails,
When nought is heard save the convulsive
breath,
Struggling with death,
Then will this voice of mercy gently break
That saddest silence, and of comfort speak.

O ! blessed then, the sufferer, though he mourn,
To whom are borne
The gracious accents of this heavenly guide !
None, none beside
Can calm the spirit, bend the opposing will,
And say, with voice omnipotent, "Be still!"

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET chantress ! from every blossoming tree
 There is wafted a song of rejoicing and glee !
 Midst the mirth and the music I listen for thee
 But thy melody charms not my ear.
 When the sun shall descend, and the blossoms
 all close,
 When darkness and stillness shall usher repose,
 Oh then, while the night-breeze refreshingly
 blows,
 Thy song from afar I shall hear.

Sweet chantress ! a beautiful emblem thou art,
 Of the pure and devoted and tranquillized
 heart,
 When, from earthly turmoil and intrusion
 apart,
 It holds converse with regions above ;

Beneath that blue concave, so peaceful and
bright,
Sweet symphonies break on the silence of
night;
While angels bend down with approving de-
light,
Taking part in the anthems they love.

A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

If Happiness be sought aright,
 She will be found ;—though hidden,
 Her doors stand open day and night,
 And none will be forbidden.

Yet thousands seek her still in vain,
 Bewildered, discontented ;
 Fatigued they roam o'er hill and plain,
 In paths she ne'er frequented.

I joined the throng ; I sought the prize ;
 'Twas long before I found it :
 I ne'er resigned the enterprize,
 Till full success had crowned it.

I sought her in an emerald glen,
 Where *Nature's* charms delighted ;
 They said, "she dwelt there, once, with men,
 But long those scenes had quitted."

I next explored the festive bower,
To which gay *Pleasure* wooed me ;
And quickly found that Folly wore
Her features, to delude me.

At length, in *Friendship's* sweet abode,
Her lovely form I greeted ;
Oh, with what joy my bosom glowed !
The hours like moments fleeted !

But Death, her mortal foe, appeared,
Those ties of love to sever ;
She fled that spot, so much endeared,
Abandoned it forever !

In *Fancy's* flower-enamelled vale
Once more my eye beheld her ;
But Thought was with me :—she turned pale,
And vanished ere I held her.

Then *Science* said, “ his temple fair,
Oft gathered groups around her ; ”
Told me the Muses met her there ;—
I sought, but never found her ?

In *Superstition's* ancient pile,
Where monks their beads were telling,
Where through the dimly-lighted aisle,
The midnight chant was swelling;

E'en there for Happiness I sought,
I wept, and prayed, and fasted;
I sought her, but I found her not:
Prayers, penance, tears, were wasted.

Worn out at last, I raised my eye
To Heaven, its guidance seeking;
At once a gentle sound stole by;
Her own sweet voice was speaking.

“Pilgrim! a gracious ear is lent
To thy sad heart's petition;
When the heart's cry to heaven is sent,
At once it gains admission.

“When asked from Him whom I obey,
Thus freely He bestows me;
None but the heart that owns his sway
Receives or even knows me.

“ Your world, my blissful seat of old,
Is now by sin polluted :
None there, till cast in heavenly mould,
To dwell with *me* are suited.

“ Above yon bright and starry sphere,
With spirits pure and sainted,
I breathe a holier atmosphere,
By sin and woe untainted.

“ ’Mid those immortal shapes I stand,
Jehovah’s throne surrounding,
Who strike their harps at his right hand,
Angelic songs resounding.

“ But to the earth my flight I speed,
Soon as the contrite-hearted
Need me, to bind the wounds that bleed :
Thenceforth, we are not parted.

“ When, on the Sabbath, they are found
The sacred courts attending,
I love to tread that holy ground,
My voice with theirs is blending.

“ And in the hour of humble prayer,
Who feels the Saviour’s presence
Will never fail to meet me there :
It forms my very essence.

“ Now, through thy life’s short pilgrimage,
Unseen I will be near thee ;
And in its last, its roughest stage,
My voice shall calm and cheer thee.

“ Then will I join the convoy bright
Sent down thy bonds to sever,
Hail thy deliverance with delight,
And be thine own forever ! ”

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY GOD ! is any hour so sweet,
 From blush of morn to evening star,
 As that which calls me to thy feet,—
 The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
 And blest that hour of solemn eve,
 When on the wings of prayer upborne,
 The world I leave !

For then a dayspring shines on me,
 Brighter than morn's ethereal glow ;
 And richer dews descend from thee
 Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
 Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
 Then dost thou cheer my solitude
 With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

A PRAYER AT MIDNIGHT.

CELESTIAL SPIRIT ! now, in this calm hour,
 Thy meanest temple with thy presence fill !
 " I commune with my own heart, and am still,"
 Waiting to feel thy tranquillizing power.
 Darkness is round me ; but, like that pale
 flower,*
 Which loves its vestal fragrance to distil
 When other flowers are closed, on dale and hill,
 Breathed but for him who trained it for his
 bower,—
 Thus, blessed Spirit ! be it now with me ;
 In this poor heart, thy consecrated shrine,
 Thy hand has formed, and trained a plant
 divine,
 Unseen, unknown, unnurtured, but by thee :
 Now be the hidden perfume thou hast given
 Exhaled, like incense sweet, and borne to
 heaven !

* The night-blown Ceres.

“THE LORD TURNED, AND LOOKED
UPON PETER.”

ST. LUKE 22:61.

Oh! it is ever thus. That eye benign
Beams on the soul with tenderness divine,
E'en ere the wanderer owns that he has strayed
E'en ere the penitent has wept or prayed,
And, when that look, that pitying look is felt,
The softened heart in contrite grief will melt,
Mourn that against such goodness it has striven,
And “love him much” who has so “much
forgiven.”

The Saviour changes not, but now sends down,
E'en from his glorious mediatorial throne,
Whence all our wandering footsteps he can
trace,

The same sweet tokens of forgiving grace.
Oh! let the trembling and desponding mind,
That “broken spirit” which he loves to bind,

Dwell on each proof of tenderness he gave,
Nor doubt his willingness to heal and save !
Not e'en the fondest love a mother knows,—
The warmest in a human breast which glows,—
No loftiest, best conception we can raise,
E'en the faint outline of his love portrays.
Poor, doubting mourner ! yield not to thy fears ;
Each tear he numbers, and each sigh he hears ;
And though, like Peter, thou hast wronged thy
Lord,

Like him, thou mayest be pardoned and
restored.

For thee thy Saviour's prayer may yet prevail ;
True faith in him, though weak, shall never
fail ;
But lead thee, in his strength, henceforth to
prove,
Through life, in death, thy gratitude and love.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Has earthly love deceived thee?
Has earthly friendship grieved thee?
Has Death's strong hand bereaved thee
 Of all most dear below?
A love which never changes,
A Friend no time estranges,
A land Death's shaft ne'er ranges,
 It may be thine to know.

In vain have men asserted,
To cheat the weary-hearted,
That powers by sin perverted
 Themselves can calm the breast.
One hand alone unfailing,
Sin, grief's dark root, assailing
O'er all within prevailing,
 Can give the weary rest.

TO ONE SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS.

WHAT though thine earthly cottage veil
 Some beams that cheer the pilgrim's way,
 The soul's bright senses cannot fail,
 Nor pass away.

Thine ear of faith may listen ever
 To sounds which bid all sorrow cease,
 Which importune or weary never,
 But whisper peace.

It may be that thine outward ear
 Is closed to earth's tumultuous din,
 That those blest accents full and clear,
 May speak within.

What though the "nether springs" run low,
 Which cheered thy pilgrim-path at first,
 The "upper springs" perennial flow
 To quench thy thirst.

TO ONE SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS. 73

If on thy Saviour rests thine eye,
The loss of sense faith's gain will be ;
For it will closer draw the tie
'Twixt him and thee.

ON A FROSTY EVENING.

WHEN the dark mantle of o'ershadowing night
Wraps in concealment all the world below,
With countless orbs yon azure vault doth glow,
In silence shining, beautiful and bright,
The midnight wanderer gazes with delight,
And feels his heart within him overflow.

“O! what,” he asks, “can day’s broad sunshine
show,
To rival yon fair field of argent light?”
—’Tis sometimes thus, when sorrow’s mournful
shade

Darkens our path, and veils our prospects here:
Fair worlds, unseen before, are then displayed,
And in surpassing majesty appear;
For then to faith’s uplifted eye ’tis given
To view the glories of a brighter heaven.

TO AN AGED CHRISTIAN ON HIS
BIRTHDAY.

Now, pilgrim ! of thy journey home,
But one short stage remains ;
And, brightening through the evening's gloom
Across the distant plains,

Methinks thine eye may catch a sight
Of that sweet shore of rest,
Where friends are waiting, robed in white,
To hail the expected guest ;

Where every hope, yet incomplete,
Each unfulfilled desire,
Fruition's plenitude shall meet,
Till bliss can rise no higher.

O ! did our hearts indeed receive,
Faith in her power sublime,
The Christian would rejoice, not grieve,
To mark the lapse of time.

Nature may weep o'er life's short span,
When forms we love decay :
Faith views the immortal inward man,
And wipes the tear away.

And when we feel we cannot now
Shelter one heart we prize
From many a conflict, many a woe,
Or hush its secret sighs ;

Then, as we see them onward borne,
By time's resistless flow,
To that bright shore where none can mourn,
Where glory crowns each brow ;

Should we not hail their nearer bliss,
When faith's sure hope is given !
What means "advancing age," but this,—
The drawing near to heaven ?

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHILD'S
DEATH.

THIS was thy heavenly birthday, much-loved
boy !

Dost thou not wonder at thy parents' tears,
And question why so sad that day appears,
Which crowned their darling with unfading
joy ?

Why do they now their mournful thoughts
employ

In fondly dwelling on thy few short years ?
For Memory, while she thus the past endears,
Blends with the sweet her bitterest alloy.

Oh ! if the birthday of a life like ours,
In this dark world of trouble and unrest,
Be hailed with gratulations, gifts, and flowers,
Should not thine entrance on a life so blest
E'en as a sacred jubilee be kept,
And not a tear, but tears of joy, be wept ?

TO A WIDOWED FRIEND.

WHY dost thou haste so swiftly on thy way,
Like one whose company before is gone ?
What is that steadfast eye so fixed upon,
Beaming, at times, as with a heavenly ray ?
Alas ! that mourning veil, that dark array,
Tell me that thou from bitter grief hast won
A disentangled heart, no longer prone
To make terrestrial things thy staff and stay.
What though thy cheek be paler, lone thy path,
What though, unseen, sad Memory tears will
shed,
Now thou wilt live indeed the life of faith,
Till thou shalt meet again thy "holy dead."
O ! if by grief such blessings here are given,
What "weight of glory" will be thine in
heaven !

**“SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO
WEEP THERE.”**

OH ! go not to his grave to weep,
 Bathe not with tears his early tomb ;
 Angels that precious seed will keep,
 Till thence the immortal flower shall bloom.

O ! go not to his grave to mourn
 That he was once so fair, so bright ;
 A form far lovelier shall be borne
 From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

O ! go not to his grave to sigh,
 Because his transient date is o'er ;
 That which we here miscall “to die,”
 Means but to live for evermore.

Go to his grave, that light to hail
 Which o'er it now from Calvary streams ;

Which shines through death's once mournful
vale,
And on thy slumbering infant beams.

Go to his grave, that God to bless,
Who to his happy soul has given
More than thine utmost tenderness
Could supplicate,—a home in heaven.

Go to his grave, to offer there,
As laid on thy Redeemer's shrine,
Thy loveliest flower, thy first-born fair,
And say, "He was not ours, but thine."

FROM A DYING CHILD.

CEASE, my mother! to deplore me,
 Cease to ask my longer stay ;
 Angel-forms are bending o'er me,
 Hark ! they call my soul away.

Wipe those tears so sadly falling,
 Upward turn thy weeping eyes ;
 Heavenly messengers are calling
 Me, thy child, to Paradise.

Hear'st thou not those sweetest numbers ?
 Hear'st thou not that softest strain,
 Sent to bless my dying slumbers,
 Sent to soothe my dying pain ?

Soon these pangs of struggling nature
 Shall my prison-doors unclose ;
 Soon each calm and tranquil feature
 Wear a smile of sweet repose.

But when this poor frame is sleeping
Cold within the silent tomb,
Wilt thou still be fondly weeping
O'er thy babe's untimely doom ?

Wilt thou mourn the blissful sentence
Which invites me to thy rest ?
Wilt thou mourn my early entrance
On the glories of the blest ?

Wilt thou mourn my warfare ended ?
Mourn the prize too quickly gained ?
Life has long enough extended
When its purpose is attained.

Hark ! again those notes are swelling :
" Happy spirit ; take thy flight ;
Quit that frail terrestrial dwelling ;
Wing thy way to realms of light."

Oh ! what scenes arise before me !
Lovelier far than aught beneath ;
Cease, my mother ! to deplore me ;
Sweeter far than life is death.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

LOVELY star ! serenely shining
On my heavy tearful eyes,
Thou shalt check these thoughts repining,
And repress these mournful sighs ;
Let thy way be dark, or bright,
Still thou sheddest thy silvery light.

Still thy heavenly track pursuing,
Rapidly thou hastenest on,
From that purer region viewing
This dark world thou shonest upon ;
Passing o'er it but to lend
Light to gladden and befriend.

Thus, when clouds are passing o'er us,
Grief our spirits may subdue ;
But a race "is set before us,"
And, though faint, we must pursue ;
Lovely star ! our model be ;
May we shine through clouds like thee !

And, like thee, while freely lending
Light to all within our sphere,
To our unseen centre tending,
Swift as bright may we appear !
Then, when thy brief course is o'er,
We shall rise to set no more.

THE CHRISTIAN NEAR HIS HOME.

I see an aged man
 Climbing the hill's steep side ;
 Long has he trod the pilgrim's way,
 And now the sun's declining ray
 Homeward his steps will guide.
 A seat of rest
 Among the blest
 E'en now awaits in heaven the dear expected
 guest.

His path is rough and steep,
 More toilsome near its close :
 The sky looks dark ; the winds blow keen :
 The shadows lengthen o'er the scene,
 And scarce a flowerlet blows :
 The pilgrim's eye,
 Still fixed on high,
 Sees brighter worlds appear, beyond the dark-
 ening sky.

At times, indeed, he grieves
 For earlier days more blest ;
 When on the wings of joy he soared,
 And, with an eagle's strength, explored
 The land of promised rest ;
 But faith still shoots
 Its downward roots ;
 The blossoms pass away, but riper grow the
 fruits.

Ill could he once have borne
 His present toilsome path ;
 He feels no joy, yet murmurs not ;
 This hushes each repining thought,
 "While here, I walk by faith."
 He still can trace
 A Saviour's grace,
 Though he appear far off, and seem to hide his
 face.

The heavenly prize he views,
 And still maintains his ground ;
 The steep ascent is hard to win,
 And many a foe, without, within,

Strives to inflict a wound;
Though closely pressed,
Hope cheers his breast;
For soon the strife will cease, the weary be at
rest.

Pilgrim, the end is near!
Though faint, yet still pursue;
When thou shalt gain the mountain's brow
A scene beyond conception now
Shall burst upon thy view;
Celestial air
Shall fan thee there,
And thou shalt bid adieu to toil and pain and
care.

Then, thou shalt fall asleep,
And angels waiting round
Shall waft thee to that blissful shore,
Seen dimly from afar before,
Where golden harps resound;
Where souls set free
That Saviour see,
Whose smile is heaven itself:—that smile will
beam on thee.

TO ONE RESTLESS AND UNHAPPY.

OH ! it ne'er was intended a spirit like thine,
 Immortal in nature, in birthright divine,
 Should take up her home in a region like this,
 Or rest short of perfection in virtue and bliss.

I regret not that oft thou art weary, depressed,
 In the midst of heaven's bountiful blessings
 unblessed ;
 For "the weary, the heavily laden" are those
 Whom a voice others hear not, invites to
 repose.

Though nature and affluence and taste have
 combined,
 To surround thee with charms and enjoyments
 refined ;
 On them all, looks of sadness or languor are
 thrown :
 And why ? the true riches not yet are thine own.

Arts, studies, accomplishments, friends, vainly
still

The void in thy desolate bosom would fill ;
For the smile on thy lip can but faintly dis-
guise

A heart that, in secret, for happiness sighs.

There is a bright talisman, which, when pos-
sessed,

Reveals the sweet source of contentment and
rest ;

This stream will renew while it gladdens thy
heart,

And the lustre of joy to thy features impart.

There is a blest volume :—each page it unrolls
The nature and worth of this treasure extols ;
Oh, study that volume ! the guidance there
given

Will lead not to happiness only, but heaven.

“MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

PROVERBS 23 : 26.

FEELEST thou disquiet, care, unrest,
 Scarce knowing why so sad thou art ?
 In God alone can man find rest :
 Give him thine heart.

Deemest thou thy bosom’s secret woes
 Peculiar, from all else apart ?
 Thy case he intimately knows :
 Give him thine heart.

Oft does the painful thought arise,
 That slighted, misconceived thou art ?
 God knows thee, loves, will not despise :
 Give him thine heart.

Sailest thou alone o’er life’s rough sea,
 Without a home, a friend, a chart ?
 Thy friend, guide, haven, God will be :
 Give him thine heart.

TO A FRIEND SETTING OUT ON A
JOURNEY.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee !
May heavenly guards defend thee !
May heavenly influence send thee
 Sweet themes of holy thought !
Though shades of night infold thee,
That eye will still behold thee,
 The eye which slumbers not.

No evil shall befall thee ;
No enemy appal thee,
Bright messengers shall call thee,
 Throughout the silent night,
To share their high communion ;—
Sweet pledge of future union
 With sainted heirs of light !

No *human* voice may cheer thee ;
No *earthly* listener hear thee.
But, oh ! one Friend is near thee,
 The kindest and the best ;
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fill with gladness,
 The solitary breast.

Thy God will go before thee,
And day and night watch o'er thee,
And safe at length restore thee
 To a loved home of peace.
His care shall not forsake thee,
Till to that home he take thee,
 Where toils and dangers cease.

TO ONE BEREAVED OF MANY RELATIVES.

THOU hast laid up so many treasures there,
Where there is no more sorrow, no more pain,
That I esteem thee rich in heavenly gain,
E'en by the loss of those who dearest were.
Oh, while thy deepest, tenderest thoughts they
share,

When, sad and desolate, thou sighest in vain
Their voice to hear, their smile to meet again,
Pour out thy heart, pour out thy griefs in
prayer !

That blest employ will reunite thy soul
With those whose adorations never cease :
That hallowed intercourse each grief control,
And o'er thy bosom shed celestial peace.
Though powerless human sympathy be found,
Sweet converse with thy God can heal each
wound.

THE DEATH-BED OF A CHRISTIAN.

AND now the closing scene drew on ;
The tide of life was ebbing fast ;
Yet the firm hope she leant upon
Sustained her, cheered her, to the last.

The hectic flush had left her cheek,
The fever's brilliancy her eye ;
Yet calm she smiled, though faint and weak,
As if she felt it sweet to die.

All on a sudden she beheld
A form unknown approach her bed,
Whose hand a drooping garland held,
Where faded flowers their leaves had shed.

Gently the mantle he withdrew,
That first his features had concealed,
And to the dying sufferer's view
A sweet though pallid face revealed.

Then, in soft accents he exclaimed,
“Oh, happy one ! be not dismayed ;
Thine hour of freedom is proclaimed,
The summons given, the ransom paid.

“I see thee smile, and stretch thy hand,
As if to bid me draw more near ;
But wouldest thou not my touch withstand,
If my true name had met thine ear ?

“I am that last resistless foe
Who fills with dread the human breast ;
Whom fear and ignorance love to show
In visionary terrors dressed.

“But what’s the phantom feared so much—
E’en from thy childhood feared by thee ?
What but a stroke, a voice, a touch,
That sets the imprisoned spirit free ?

“My name the guilty may appal,
Because I seal their fearful doom :
But the believer loves the call
That wafts his spirit to her home.

“Oh, hasten, then, to lay aside
These earthly weeds which clothe thee now !
A fairer robe will be supplied,
A brighter beauty deck thy brow.

“Look on this pale and faded wreath,
These flowers that once sweet fragrance shed ;
Chilled by the icy hand of death,
Their tints are gone, their charms have fled !

“Thus, at my touch, thou too shalt fade ;
Thy breath shall cease, thy life be gone ;
And that loved form be darkly laid
In its last resting-place alone.

“ Yet fear me not ! with gentlest hand
I will unloose thy bonds of clay ;
Then shall thy happy soul expand
Her wings of joy, and soar away !

“ Soon wilt thou pass my shadowy vale,
Beneath the heavenly hills it lies ;
Nor shall thine outstretched pinions fail,
Till the bright city meet thine eyes.

“Then to the glorious mansions there,
 Rejoicing saints will welcome thee ;
 I must resign thee to their care,
 Those golden gates are closed to me.”

He ceased ;—the listener sweetly smiled,
 And seemed some vision to behold :
 With joy her parting soul was filled,
 Her heavenward eye of rapture told.

Then faintly, brokenly was heard,*
 “A day where no more night shall be !
 Entrance to me is ministered
 Abundantly ! abundantly !”

Then there was silence ;—not a word
 Uttered the grief of those who wept ;
 Ere long “a quiet sigh”† was heard,
 And she “in Jesus” sweetly slept.

* The words between inverted commas were spoken by a dying Christian.

† See Hooker’s death, as described in Walton’s Lives.

A DREAM.

I WALKED upon an unknown shore ;
A deep, dark ocean rolled beside ;
Thousands were wafted swiftly o'er
That silent and mysterious tide.

Strange was the solemn scene, and new ;
My spirit sank with inward dread :
No voice proclaimed it ; but I knew
Those were the regions of the dead.

It was no earthly light that shone,
Casting a shadowy gleam around ;
Ne'er midst an earthly throng was known
Stillness so awful, so profound.

The only sound which met the ear,—
And sadly, heavily it fell,—
Was the dark billow rolling near,
With measured, melancholy swell.

I sought with anxious eye to trace,
Among the crowd that thronged the coast,
The features of one well-known face,
Fondly beloved, and lately lost.

The twilight gleam sufficed to show
Full many a face that once was fair,
Now marked with characters of woe,
The sad, sad impress of despair.

No words were needed to express
Whose tears of anguish fell too late ;
The dark fixed look of mute distress
Declared too legibly their fate.

Some had been lovely once on earth,
Caressed, applauded, loved, admired,
Endowed with riches, talents, birth,
Possessing all their hearts desired.

Those hearts, alas for them ! were given
To earthly pleasures, cares, and toys ;
They found not time to think of heaven,
To seek imperishable joys.

Slowly I turned with many a sigh,
From this sad spectacle of woe ;
And soon I saw the beaming eye
Of her so fondly loved below.

She had but just been called away
From husband, parents, children, friends ;
Yet in that eye there shone a ray
Of joy, with which no sadness blends.

A bright companion at her side
Looked on her with celestial love ;
Delighting her glad steps to guide
Towards the bright home prepared above.

Unseen I followed. It was sweet,
O ! passing sweet, her voice to hear :
No earthly language could repeat
The sounds that then entranced my ear.

Swiftly we passed that gloomy shore ;
Darkness and clouds were all withdrawn ;
And then a light not known before
Began upon our path to dawn.

With growing strength I saw her tread

Her upward, brightening, heavenward road,
With joy she lifted up her head,
To hail the city of her God !

As nearer to that world we drew,

Immortal fragrance filled the air ;
But soon the increasing radiance grew
Too bright for mortal sense to bear.

I only caught a distant glance

Of glories never to be told ;
I saw a beauteous band advance ;—
I heard them strike their harps of gold.

And then I lost her.—Faint and dead

I sank beneath the eternal beam.

The sights, the sounds, the glories fled ;
“I woke,—and found it was a dream.”

A VISION.

COMPOSED DURING A THUNDERSTORM IN THE
NIGHT.

METHOUGHT, as silently I lay
On death's cold narrow bed,
I heard the archangel's trumpet sound,
The voice that wakes the dead.

I woke as from a long, long sleep,
And blissful was the hour;
That mortal frame in weakness sown,
Was "raised," indeed, "in power."

I woke with such a sense of bliss,
As seemed the dawn of heaven,
With nobler faculties endued
Than e'er on earth were given.

Restored to consciousness and thought,
Some whisper seemed to say,
"The Lamb, whose blood thy ransom bought,
Now summons thee away."

Scarce had the welcome sounds been heard,
Scarce had my heart replied,
When o'er my head the earth was rent,
My prison doors flew wide !

A great and mighty earthquake shook
The agitated world ;
The mountain huge, the solid rock,
From its firm base was hurled !

'Twas all unlike the peaceful scene
Which met my closing eyes
On that last eve, when autumn's sun
Purpled the glowing skies.

That sun was darkened now in heaven,
Quenched were its golden rays ;
A fearful conflagration's glare
Began, far off, to blaze.

Then thunderings such as ne'er were heard,
And lightnings, filled the sky ;
Expiring nature seemed convulsed
With mortal agony.

The graves were rent, the dead arose,
The sea gave up her own;
And all were summoned, "small and great,"
Before the eternal throne.

Amidst the ruin and dismay,
A voice was heard on high,—
"Ye saints! with joy lift up your heads,
For your redemption's nigh!"

Then I looked up;—I looked around;—
My soul was strong and calm;
I knew "in whom I had believed,"
And felt secure from harm.

I recognized, on every side,
Those I had loved below,
And clothed in white, and glorified;
Joy was on every brow.

O! there was higher, purer bliss
In that brief glance of love,
Which then we silently exchanged,
Than souls on earth can prove.

But soon one uncreated Form,
Glorious in majesty,
" Fairer than all the sons of men,"
Fixed each adoring eye.

It was the Saviour,—loved unseen,
So " full of truth and grace ;"
Now Faith obtained her great reward,
To see him " face to face."

Circled by myriads of the blest,
" To judge the world" he came ;
To be admired in all his saints—
His ransomed flock to claim.

All prostrate fell, and, in that hour,
Were filled with joy so vast,
As would have richly overpaid
Ages in suffering past.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

OH could I pierce that deep abyss
 Which parts the unseen world from this,
 I would behold your seats in bliss,
 Sweet babes !

Would view your souls without a stain,
 In God's own image bright again,
 And feel that death for you *was* gain,
 Sweet babes !

And I would hear that matchless song,
 Swelled by the bright celestial throng,
 And catch *your* notes the choir among,
 Sweet babes !

Thrice-happy travellers ! how soon
 Your task is o'er, your work is done,
 How short a race your prize has won,
 Sweet babes !

No toil nor care need ye bestow
To make the flowers of virtue blow ;
Spontaneous in that clime they grow,
Sweet babes !

There, sown in a congenial bed,
Each heavenly blossom rears its head :—
There blooms, and there is perfected,
Sweet babes !

And can we mourn that God, in love,
Saw fit so early to remove
Your spirits to his courts above,
Sweet babes !

In this dark world, with dangers fraught,
What snares your footsteps might have caught,
What woe and ruin sin have wrought,
Sweet babes !

There was a heavenly Friend who knew
What perils would your path bestrew,
And in his arms he sheltered you,
Sweet babes !

ANTICIPATIONS.

WE gaily said, that when the spring
 Her opening buds and flowers should bring
 And happy birds begin to sing,
 We three would meet.

We planned full many a golden hour
 Of bliss, within our favorite bower ;
 And never thought a cloud would lower,
 That bliss to o'er shade.

While thus we framed our fairy schemes,
 Adorned with Hope's enchanting beams,
 And smiled at Fancy's lovely dreams,
 And thought them truth ;

Death saw the visions Hope portrayed,
 The joys on Fancy's eye that played ;
 And cast o'er all the chilling shade
 Of his dark wing.

And now the scene so bright before,
For us can never brighten more ;
Hope's fond illusions all are o'er,
And Fancy's dreams.

And, if we meet in that loved bower,
No festive mirth will wing the hour ;
For every plant and every flower
Will wake our tears ;

Will tell of her who loved to view
Each varied leaf, each beauteous hue ;
Whose smile such sweet enchantment threw
O'er all the scene.

When last we lingered, late and long,
Those moonlit woods and bowers among,
To woo the Nightingale's sweet song,
She shared our joy.

Little we thought that when again
That bird should pour its plaintive strain,
For *her* its melody in vain
Would charm the sense.

Little we thought, when next the spring
Sweet flowers and happy birds should bring,
Those flowers would bloom, those birds would
sing,
Around her grave.

But hush ! ye sad repinings, cease !
Her life was blest ; her death was peace :
And now her joys will still increase
Through endless years.

Hers is a fairer world than ours ;
She walks among unfading bowers ;
And higher joys and nobler powers
To her are given.

Indulge no more that rising sigh,
Turn not again thy tearful eye
To that sad spot, where mouldering lie
Her loved remains :

They do but slumber in the dust ;
While angels guard their sacred trust,
Till all the bodies of the just
In glory rise.

ON THE WORDS UTTERED BY A DYING
CHILD SPEAKING OF JESUS.

SWEET child ! and was thy Saviour nigh,
And did he close thy dying eye,
And teach that soothing, sweet reply,
“ He comforts me ?”

And was thy weary, aching head,
On thy Redeemer’s bosom laid ?
And saidst thou on thy dying bed,
“ He comforts me ?”

O ! now thou hast gained that shore,
Where sin and death have lost their power,
Thou wilt have cause to say no more,
“ He comforts me.”

The bitterness of death is past,
Thy dying anguish was thy last ;
And then the God whose child thou wast,
Did comfort thee.

10*

It is for those who, sunk in woe,
 Lie crushed beneath the o'erwhelming blow,
 To seek the peace thy words bestow—
 “He comforts me.”

Those dying words will prove a balm,
 Thy father's rising grief to calm ;
 And sorrow of its sting disarm,—
 “He comforts me.”

Thy mother's woe will be beguiled ;
 She will recall her angel-child ;
 And answer, in his accents mild,
 “He comforts me.”

O ! when they weep upon thy grave,
 And mourn the hopes thy blossom gave,
 May He who chastens but to save,
 Their comfort be !

And when their latest hour draws nigh,
 Like thee, sweet infant, may they die !
 And say, with their last fleeting sigh,
 “He comforts me.”

ON A YOUNG FRIEND'S ILLNESS.

She does not feel the morning breeze,
 So sweetly every sense pervading,
 Touched by the blight of wan disease,
 Her bloom is fading.

I see not now that face so dear,
 That soft blue eye that beamed so brightly ;
 Nor that young graceful form appear,
 Tripping so lightly.

Sweet counsel we were wont to take,
 Forever now on earth suspended :
 Soon, though so many hearts will ache,
 All will be ended.

They say that lovely to the last
 Are all her looks (those silent teachers) :
 Care, anger, grief, no shade have cast
 O'er her sweet features.

But though so gentle and serene,
 Hers was a thoughtful look, revealing
 That oft beyond this transient scene
 Her mind was stealing.

We often feared her earthly date
Would ne'er be long : her heart was lowly ;
And she seemed ready for that state
 Where all is holy.

The lily was her emblem-flower,
So modest, fair, and unassuming,
Concealed within its leafy bower,
 Its home perfuming.

Oh ! could I shield it from the cold,
And see it bloom a little longer,
And watch its silken buds unfold,
 Its stem grow stronger !

Alas ! the wintry wind so keen
Has o'er it swept : its leaves are withered !
Yet safely, by a Hand unseen,
 They will be gathered.

Weep not ! to heaven's fair clime removed,
Where wintry winds can reach it never,
Follow and see this flower beloved
 Blooming for ever !

ON A RESTLESS NIGHT IN ILLNESS.

My Saviour ! what bright beam is shed
 Around my dark and suffering bed,
 Though downy slumbers thence have fled ?
 It is, thy peace.

When the sad fear of future ills
 My trembling heart with sorrow fills,
 What balm sweet quietude instils ?
 It is, thy peace.

When awful thoughts of death's dark hour
 Like gathering clouds around me lower,
 What to dispel them all has power ?
 It is, thy peace.

When weary night and lonesome day
 Cast mournful shadows o'er my way,
 What then becomes my staff, my stay ?
 It is, thy peace.

If suffering be my lot below,
 Lord ! till my tears shall cease to flow,
 In life, in death, one boon bestow !
 It is, thy peace.

ON HEARING A CANARY-BIRD SING
IN LONDON.

I HEARD a bird singing whose notes were so sweet,
That I sought to discover its tuneful retreat ;
A cage hanging near me (I found) was the cell
Whence the melody rose which had pleased me so well.

I looked at the songster, his feathers of gold
A tale of misfortune and banishment told ;
The orient hue of that plumage so bright
Belonged to some island of splendor and light.

Then I thought on the palm-groves, the myrtles, the vines,
Where the stream ever sparkles, the sun ever shines ;

Where the plantain's broad leaves their rich
verdure display,
And the tufts of the cocoa-nut shine in its
ray.

I pictured the charms of those tropical skies,
Where the night with the day in magnificence
vies,
Where unknown constellations so vividly glow,
And the fire-fly emits its wild flashes below.

I pictured the colors, far brighter than ours,
Which adorn the gay insects, the birds, and
the flowers;
And I thought this poor captive, those beauties
among,
First woke to existence, first warbled his song.

Poor chorister ! sadly thy lot has been changed,
From climate and home and companions es-
tranged !
Immured in a city, forbid to take wing,
Oh ! what can induce thee so sweetly to
sing ?

Not a tree nor fair blossom refreshes thy sight,
The dark gloomy buildings obscure the sun's
light;
Each sound is discordant around thee; yet
still
Thy notes the dull air with their melody fill.

There is one who has taught the sweet lesson
before,
A native like thee, of a lovelier shore;
She too, is a prisoner, sad and alone,
Yet her song, tuneful Melodist, rivals thine
own.

Thou must die in thy bondage, poor bird; not
for thee
Is there hope e'er again thy fair country to see,
But *she* soon will take wing for her bright
natal shore,
And never know pain or captivity more.

ON AN INFANT WHO LIVED ONLY A
FEW MONTHS.

OH ! there is much to soothe our grief
In such a life and death as thine,
So pure, so beautiful, though brief,
So free from sin.

O'er all thine infant features fair
There was diffused a heavenly charm :
'Twas like the look that angels wear,
So sweet, so calm.

Thou wert not long enough on earth
To lose the smile of tranquil love,
Brought from the country of thy birth,
The realms above.

Nor could thy transient sufferings here
Cast o'er thy soul a shade of gloom ;
She knew the dawn of bliss was near,
Her heavenly home.

And if for a few fleeting days
'Twas thine to feel distress and pain
They will but teach thee now to raise
A sweeter strain.

Thine earthly life was surely given,
That thine might be the sweetest claim—
A mortal's claim—to sing in heaven,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DEPARTED
BABE.

THOU art not gone ! Thou hast but risen
To fairer worlds, and left thy prison ;
Unfettered art thou now and free,
"E'en as the thought that follows thee."

Thou art not gone ! Thy form of light
Still lingers near me, veiled from sight ;
Oft with a youthful cherub's love
For me thou leavest thy home above.

We cannot part : my soul with thine
Is linked in such a bond divine,
As time can never render weak ;
As death itself can never break.

Thou art not gone ! But, when below,
I differed from thee less than now ;
My knowledge then exceeded thine :
How much thine now surpasses mine !

Thou art not gone ! Thou'rt very near me !
Thy angel-pity longs to cheer me !
Methinks I hear thy whisper sweet,
“ Ere long, my mother, we shall meet !

“ Soon, very soon, the clay-built wall
Which now imprisons thee shall fall ;
Then thou shalt see me by thy side,
Thy happy spirit's angel-guide !”

EPITAPH.

THE lamb is gathered into that blest fold
 Where dangers cannot enter, nor alarms,
 Led by her Shepherd, carried in his arms,
 She passed through earth, scarce tarrying to
 behold
 The “waters still,” which near her gently
 rolled,
 On the “green pastures,” decked with flowery
 charms ;
 But though we thought her sheltered from all
 harms,
 This damp terrestrial climate proved too cold.
 Her Shepherd watched her drooping, and mean-
 while
 “The everlasting arms” were underneath :
 Cheered by his voice, encouraged by his smile,
 She reached the dark unfathomed gulf of death ;
 He hushed its waves :—then to his fold above
 Wafted safe o'er the object of his love.

TO A BEREAVED CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

MOURNER ! is thy heart still grieving,
 Secret tears sad traces leaving,
 Frequent sighs thy bosom heaving?—
 Why dost thou weep ?

Dost thou mourn those gone before thee?
 Lost is not the love they bore thee.
 They may now be watching o'er thee—
 Why dost thou weep ?

Though thy path on earth be shaded,
 Has not death left uninvaded
 Worlds of bliss and joys unfaded?—
 Why dost thou weep ?

Hath not Christ thy sins remitted?
 Will not thy glad soul, when fitted,
 Into heaven be soon admitted?—
 Why dost thou weep ?

Should the ills of life distress thee ?
Grief, care, loneliness depress thee ?
With thy Saviour near to bless thee ?
Why dost thou weep ?

Ever near to walk beside thee,
Near to counsel, guard and guide thee ?
Say, can any ill betide thee ?
Why dost thou weep ?

TO A CHILD OF GREAT MUSICAL
TALENTS.*

WHERE didst thou learn thy science, wondrous
child ?

Heardst thou the morning stars before thy
birth ?

Or, by "the music of the spheres" beguiled,
Lingered thy spirit on her way to earth ?

Or wert thou, while an infant, snatched away,
By viewless beings to Titania's land,
Where fairy concerts 'neath the moonlight ray,
Awoke the magic of thy tuneful hand ?

Those tiny notes which suit thy age so well,
Those soft aërial cadences so sweet,
Didst thou not learn them in some charmed dell,
Attuned to fairy songs and fairy feet ?

* Called at that time "The Infant Lyra."

'Twas not for thee with patient toil to climb
Th' ascent by slow degrees which others gain :
Thy sportive fingers snatched from hoary Time
The golden key to unlock Apollo's fane.

To thee, of right, the poet's lays belong ;
The star of genius glitters on thy breast ;
The sons of science and the sons of song
Thy brows with mingled laurels should invest.

Thy country's jewel, and thy parents' pride,
In each admirer thou must meet a friend.
E'en Envy lays his poisonous shafts aside :
A nation's flattering smiles thy course attend.

Yet even while thy music charmed my ear,
I looked with anxious thought, sweet child !
on thee.

Thou breathest a heated, dangerous atmosphere :
And full of snares thy flowery path must be.

Methought, though now the scene appear so gay,
And listening crowds admire thy tuneful
skill,
Ere long, life's pageant will have passed away,
Thy harp be silent and thy hand be still.

Then, what will it avail thee to have won
The brilliant prize of transitory fame,
If no unfading garland be thine own,
If no immortal record bear thy name?

Who gave the graceful form, the gifted mind,
The glow of health thy blooming features
wear,
That strength of memory, and that ear refined—
All tokens of celestial love and care?

One who has larger bounties to bestow;
Joys, powers untasted in a world like this;
Powers thou mayest gain, and joys thy soul
may know,
In worlds of perfect harmony and bliss.

If thy heart kindle with that Saviour's love,
And hail the mysteries heavenly truth dis-
plays,
Then shall thy *golden harp* in realms above,
Be ever tuned to thy Redeemer's praise.

PRAYER FOR THE CONSECRATION OF
TALENT.

OMNISCIENT Saviour ! glorious power !
Who deignest on man's rich gifts to shower,
May Art and Science grateful bring
To thee each various offering !
May Genius lay his starry crown
Before thy footstool humble down,
And every high-born faculty
Be stamped with " Holiness to thee ! "

THE PILGRIM.

I AM a passing stranger here ;
 A traveller hastening on
 Through scenes which quickly disappear :—
 E'en while I gaze they are gone !

This gay and busy world would strive
 My footsteps to detain :
 But the poor pleasures she can give
 Are transient all and vain.

O ! there's a different world above,
 On which I fix my eye :
 A world of happiness and love,
 Of truth and purity.

Admitted there I fain would be ;
 Thither my steps I turn,
 E'en now, far off, its light I see,
 Its glories I discern.

E'en now I almost seem to hear
The voice of many a friend
Once loved on earth, rejoicing there,
Who o'er me fondly bend.

And thus, with one accord, they cry,
"O ! linger not below !
Turn from that world thine heart, thine eye !
Then thou our bliss shalt know."

Then once again, vain world ! to thee
I bid a long farewell :
In heart a pilgrim I will be,
Till there with them I dwell.

TO A MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF GREAT PROMISE.

“He cometh up and is cut down like a flower.”

“**L**IKE a flower,” she rose to view,
Sweet in fragrance, fair in hue;
Not as yet unfolded quite;
Therefore lovelier to the sight.

“Like a flower,” she graced the spot
Where was cast her early lot;
And wherever she appeared,
Smiles were wakened, hearts were cheered.

“Like a flower,” she blossomed sweet
In a sheltered loved retreat;
’Twas a bank of mossy green,
Where for her no thorn was seen.

“Like a flower,” she nothing knew
Of the world in which she grew,
But the blessings it bestows,—
Shielded from its cares and woes.

“Like a flower, cut down at noon,”
She has faded, ah ! how soon !
And the place she decked before,
Knows her now, alas ! no more.

“Like a flower,” concealed awhile,
Till perennial summer smile,
That fair germ which sleeps below
An *immortal* flower shall blow. ~

TO A MOTHER,

BEREAVED OF HER ONLY DAUGHTER.

SHE is gone ! and thou art left,
 Through a lonely life to sigh ;
 But though stricken, crushed, bereft,
 Turn to what is bright thine eye !

All her transient day of life
 In unsullied bliss went by,
 Free from sorrow, care, and strife :—
 Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Peace and gladness at her side,
 Piety, sweet guardian ! nigh,
 Playmates she had none beside :—
 Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Ere the blossom was transplanted,
 'Twas prepared to bloom on high ;

Could a lot more blest be granted ?—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

O'er the past thy mind may rove,
E'en as bees o'er flower-beds fly :
Fragrant every thought will prove :—
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Ne'er will now her future lot
Wake an anxious fear or sigh ;
Blest beyond thine utmost thought :
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

Scarce could more *on earth* be given.
What *in heaven* will God deny ?
View, oh ! view thy child in heaven !
Turn to what is bright thine eye !

TO FAITH.

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS.

COME, holy faith ! beside me stand,
 With look inspired, with eye serene !
 Unfold the bright celestial land,
 The world unseen !

Pleasant was once the earth's pure air ;
 With rapture on its scenes I gazed :
 Yet, not to Him who made them fair,
 My heart was raised.

E'en by the beauty of his works,
 That heart, too oft, was led astray :
 Such danger unsuspected lurks
 In pleasure's way..

But now those charms no more delight ;
 Earth's beauteous face is hid from me :
 Still, holy Faith ! in thy pure light
 Much I may see !

I shall not sigh to breathe the gale,
Perfumed with buds and flowers of spring,
If thy pure ray heaven's scenes unveil,
And near me bring.

A brighter sun will cheer my sky,
And make e'en this dark chamber sweet,
Than ever in crimsoned canopy
Has risen or set.

And sounds more blest than song of bird,
Or rills and whispering boughs impart,
Shall in this silent room be heard,
And cheer my heart.

**“ HAVE I NOT REMEMBERED THEE
ON MY BED ?”**

THERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep ;
Though its soft power
Might gladly close the vigils I now keep
From hour to hour,
And hush these vain imaginings to rest,
Which silence in my heart its dearest guest.

O ! I have heard his voice, his voice of love,
In the still night ;
Sweet as the songs from seraph hearts above,
Tranced in delight.
It haunts my memory, lives within my heart,
And makes me long, yea, languish to depart.

Those who have heard it once, can ne'er forget
That voice divine ;

With it compared earth's accents are not sweet.

My God ! I pine
A dweller in those palaces to be,
Where I shall hear it through eternity.

Then I shall ne'er be harassed by the din

Of earthly thought :
All will be holy and serene within :

My spirit fraught
With deepest reverence, with intense desire,
Will listen to that voice, and never tire.

TO ONE WHOSE MIND WAS DIS-
ORDERED BY GRIEF.

MOURNER ! thy spirit was too finely strung
 For the rude climate of a world like this :
 And while it breathed its notes of love and
 bliss,
 On which the listener's ear delighted hung,
 And deemed that such to heavenly harps are
 sung,
 Too suddenly did that sweet music cease :
 Some angry blast the slender chords had wrung,
 And changed its notes to murmurs of distress,
 Mourner ! that "harp of thousand strings" was
 framed
 To breathe its music in a happier clime :
 There shall its power melodious be reclaimed,
 Though broken now, and tuneless, for a time :
 Chords ever tuned, and ever strong be given,
 And no rough wind the "new song" mar in
 heaven.

THE WIDOWED HEART.

Is thine a widowed heart?
 Each tie asunder torn,
 Does one sad wish alone remain,
 Swiftly to travel till thou gain
 The parted spirits' bourne?
 Wouldst *thou* fain sleep,
 Where death doth keep
 That slumbering form beloved, in delved
 chamber deep?

Poor, bleeding, widowed heart!
 Man's words less heal than probe,
 Not in man's pity canst thou find
 Balm for thy wound, or power to bind;
 Still must it bleed and throb!
 Friends pitying mourn,
 Then sadly turn,
 To hide their fruitless tears, and looks that o'er
 thee yearn.

Alas ! poor widowed heart,
What sorrows press on thee !
Each object that now meets thine eye,
Each hour that wearily goes by,
Remembrancers will be
Of joys all fled,
And smiles that shed.
Bliss o'er that rifled heart, where all but grief
seems dead.

Poor desolated heart !
If yet some joy remain,
If in thy lonely path so drear
One lingering uncrushed flower appear
To bid thee smile again,
Who now partakes
The smile it wakes,
Or culling it for thee, of tenfold value makes ?

Alas ! poor widowed heart !
No signs thy grief express ;
No human eye beholds thy tears ;
No ear thy sob of anguish hears,
In utter loneliness !

Calm, nay, serene,
Midst anguish keen,—
Thy deep, deep hidden wound by God alone is
seen.

Alas ! poor widowed heart,
The charms of infant glee,
Thy little ones' unconscious smiles,
Their prattled words and artless wiles,
Wake only grief in thee.
The eye they blessed,
The lip they pressed,
On them no longer beams, nor smiles, nor is
caressed.

Alas ! poor widowed heart !
What now will be thy stay ?
The staff so fondly leant upon,
Thy guide, thy counsellor, is gone,
Forever torn away !
Each link unbound
Which clasped thee round,
No second self for thee, left all alone, is
found !

For thee, poor widowed heart !
In vain sweet spring returns ;
The charm of vernal songs and flowers,
The joys reviving nature showers,
Touch not the heart that mourns ;
Or touch it so,
As wakes fresh woe
For one all darkly laid, this blooming earth
below !

Yet, still, poor widowed heart !
Though desolate and sad,
The thought thy mourned one ne'er can
know
Thine own unutterable woe
Almost might make thee glad !
The blest deplore
Earth's griefs no more ;
And though thy joys are fled, thy loved one's
tears are o'er.

Poor, broken, widowed heart !
To God disclose thy pain !

Earth yields no cure; but Heaven has given
A balm for hearts bereft and riven,

A balm ne'er tried in vain:

THAT VOLUME BRIGHT,

WHERE BEAMS OF LIGHT

ILLUME THE ETERNAL WORDS, reveals it to thy
sight.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

My God and Father! while I stray
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,
 O ! teach me from my heart to say,
 “Thy will be done !”

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
 Let me “be still” and murmur not ;
 Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
 “Thy will be done !”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
 Submissive still would I reply,
 “Thy will be done !”

Though thou hast called me to resign
 What most I prized, it ne'er was mine :
 I have but yielded what was thine :—
 “Thy will be done !”

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay ;
My father ! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest,
With thy sweet spirit for its guest ;
My God ! to thee I leave the rest :
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day !
Blend it with thine ! and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

PRAYER TO THE SAVIOUR.

O HOLY Saviour ! Friend unseen !
 The faint, the weak, on thee may lean :
 Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
 By faith to cling to thee.

Blest with communion so divine,
 Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
 When as the branches to the vine
 My soul may cling to thee ?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
 Here she has found a place of rest ;
 An exile still, yet not unblest,
 While she can cling to thee.

Without a murmur I dismiss
 My former dreams of earthly bliss ;
 My joy, my recompence be this,
 Each hour to cling to thee.

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove ;
With patient uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me."

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside :
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since thou art near, and strong to save ;
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave ;
Because they cling to thee.

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall :
What can disturb me, who appal,
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour ! I cling to thee ?

ON THE MIDNIGHT PRECEDING GOOD
FRIDAY.

O my Redeemer! can I sleep
 With heart at ease, with spirits light,
 When thou for me such watch didst keep
 On this sad night?

Shall I not "watch with thee one hour,"
 And strive, by importuning prayer,
 Through faith and love's constraining power,
 Thy griefs to share?

This night there fell on thee the shock,
 By thine omniscience long foreseen,
 Of treachery midst thy little flock:
 Yet thou, serene,

With words of holiest tenderness,
 Didst only strive their grief to calm,
 Their fainting hearts to soothe and bless
 With heavenly balm.

O ! what a Passover they shared !
Nor them alone didst thou include :
For *us* that feast was then prepared,—
Faith's mystic food.

The hidden manna then bestowed,
Endued with undecaying power,
Has nourished the whole church of God
E'en to this hour.

Thence would I follow thee, in thought,
To that lone spot so dark for thee ;
For *us* with light and gladness fraught,
Gethsemane !

Thy unknown anguish suffered there,
Thy soul's dismay, the wrath of God,—
All were endured, that we might share
Thy bright abode.

How can I choose but weep and wake,
When such a night, my God ! was thine ?
Thou all the *penalty* didst take :
The *guilt* was mine.

THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Dost thou complain of sorrow ? Look on Him !
 His visage marred, his eye with suffering dim ;
 The load of unknown agony He bore
 Forced out great drops of blood from every
 pore.

Sharest thou His sorrows ? Oh ! how small a
 part !

For God's rebuke did even break his heart.

Dost thou complain of want ? Thy Lord, thy
 Head,

Was meanly lodged, was coarsely clothed and
 fed ;

He hungered and was thirsty ; faint with heat ;
 He walked from place to place with weary
 feet ;

What couch of rest was His who came to save ?
 A manger first, a cross, and then, a grave.

Dost thou complain of coldness, slighting, scorn ?
Look on thy Lord, deserted and forlorn !
Who had such right devoted love to expect,
Yet met with such unparalleled neglect ?
E'en in His bitterest grief no friend was given,
Denied alike all help from earth and heaven.

Dost thou complain of shame and deep disgrace ?
Look on thy sinless Lord, and hide thy face !
Stripped, crowned with thorns, scourged, spit
on, set at nought,
To trial, as a malefactor, brought—
Then crucified with thieves, in public view
The death of vilest criminals the due.

Dost thou complain of that worst evil, sin ?
And mourn its deep defilement spread within ?
Lay thy sick soul beneath that cross one hour,
The deadly venom loses there its power—
A stream flows thence which, though of crimson glow,
Makes the polluted soul as white as snow.

Dost thou complain of agonizing pain?
Behold that cross ! Behold it not in vain !
View those racked limbs, that torn and bleed-
ing brow,
Hark ! from that tortured form what accents
flow !
Prayer for His murderers' pardon ! words of
balm,
His mother's anguish to console and calm !

Dost thou complain because thou soon must die ?
Look on thy Lord, nor dread the latest sigh !
Drinking the bitterest potion death could steep,
He changed it to a beatific sleep :—
In death, in life, in want, pain, guilt, or grief,
Look to that cross, there seek and find relief.

“WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY
SIGHT.”

WHEN earth's support and comforts fail ?
When shadows lengthen o'er the vale,
When those who loved us fall asleep,
And leave us still to watch and weep,
Then, grasp the hope so freely given,
Then turn from earth, and look to heaven.

When still, where'er the eye be cast,
It meets a lone and dreary waste ;
And stripped of all its summer leaves,
Life's wilderness thy spirit grieves,
Then to faith's eye new worlds are given ;
O turn from earth, and look to heaven.

His hand, whose guidance cannot err,
Thy Father, Saviour, Comforter :
His, whom thine heartfelt praises bless,
Guides, guards thee through the wilderness ;
And hourly cordials shall be given,
Till earth shall be exchanged for heaven.

**“BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT
BELIEVING.”**

O ! FAINT and feeble-hearted !
 Why thus cast down with fear ?
 Fresh aid shall be imparted ;
 Thy God unseen is near.
 His eye can never slumber ;
 He marks thy cruel foes,
 Observes their strength, their number ;
 And all thy weakness knows.

Though heavy clouds of sorrow
 Make dark thy path to-day,
 There may shine forth to-morrow
 Once more a cheering ray.
 Doubts, griefs, and foes assailing,
 Conceal heaven's fair abode ;
 Yet now, faith's power prevailing,
 Should stay thy mind on God.

WRITTEN FOR ONE NOT LIKELY TO
RECOVER.

“Leaning on her Beloved.”

LEANING on thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest;
Though weary, thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray :
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom,
Turns night to day.

Leaning on thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things ;
On thee concentrates her desires ;
To thee she clings.

Leaning on thee with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide ;
Each step of life’s untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
 Though faint with languor, parched with
 heat :

Thy will has now become my own :
 That will is sweet.

Leaning on thee, midst torturing pain,
 With patience thou my soul dost fill :
 Thou whisperest, " What did *I* sustain ?"
 Then I am still.

Leaning on thee, I do not dread
 The havoc slow disease may make ;
 Thou, who for me thy blood hast shed,
 Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
 Too weak another voice to hear,
 Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
 " Be of good cheer ! "

Leaning on thee, no fear alarms ;
 Calmly I stand on death's dark brink.
 I feel " the everlasting arms."
 I cannot sink.

TO ONE DEPRIVED OF HEARING AT
CHURCH BY DEAFNESS.

O CHRISTIAN ! though thine "outward man"
decay,

And silence guard the ear's once-echoing cell,
Yet thou canst calmly feel that "all is well,"
And chase desponding, murmuring thoughts,
away :

For, kindled in thy soul, there shines that ray
Which care, and fear, and sadness can dispel :
And she, serene, though poorly lodged, can
dwell,

Renewed and perfected from day to day.

What though on this, the Sabbath's holy rest,
The external ear insensible may be ?

Let not the sigh of sorrow heave thy breast,
Since God, thy God, in communing with thee,
Asks less the listening ear than listening heart,
And there his sweetest comforts will impart.

“RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY
SOUL.”

Oh ! when the exile views his home ;
The banished child his father's face ;
The traveller, long condemned to roam,
His native fields, his resting-place ;

What sweet emotions fill the mind !
What joy, what blessedness they feel !
My God ! these joys are all combined,
When at thy mercy-seat I kneel.

Thou art my dwelling-place, my rest,
My Father, in whose smile I live :
All I desire to make me blest,
That smile alone can amply give.

No longer now my thoughts I waste
On earthly things once loved by me :
Far sweeter, purer joys I taste,
My God, in communing with thee.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A
FRIEND'S DEATH.

THE slow and melancholy year
 At length brings back the mournful day,
 Which called thee to yon upper sphere,
 And took thee from our arms away.

It could not take thee from my heart ;
 No ! there are bonds too firmly tied
 To yield to death's relentless dart,
 E'en though it sever all beside.

And I have followed thee in thought
 From month to month, from day to day ;
 While fond imagination sought
 To track the soul's untravelled way.

My heart has oftener turned to thee
 Since thou hast gained thy home above,
 Than e'en when thou wert wont to be
 The object of my earthly love.

Perchance I should not know thee now,
Clothed in thy angel-robes of light :
But still my thoughts, though poor and low,
Picture thee often to my sight.

I know not what thy joys have been,
Through the long months I've wept for thee ;
What thou hast heard, and felt, and seen,—
The wonders of eternity.

But this I know : thou'rt fully blest ;
Thy frame is glorious and divine ;
God's holy image is impressed,
His beatific vision thine.

Then, till the few and fleeting years
Which now divide us shall be o'er,
These thoughts shall check my selfish tears,
And bid me weep for thee no more.

“ALL THINGS ARE BECOME NEW.”

O HEAVENLY traveller ! hastening
 From scenes where nought is lasting,
 Its glimmering lamps all wasting,
 Earth darkens on thy view ;
 While now, the world forsaking,
 The pilgrim’s path thou’rt taking,
 What light around thee breaking,
 Makes every object new !

When earthly joys have faded,
 And when by grief invaded,
 Those spots are all o’ershaded,
 Once bright in life’s fair morn ;
 Then, beams from heaven descending,
 With each dark shadow blending,
 A lovelier radiance lending,
 The Christian’s path adorn.

Nor fear to lose their shining,
Like earth's poor stars declining;
No! more, yet more refining,
 This light will bless thy way.
O'er hill and valley streaming,
O'er death's dark river beaming,
The dawn progressive seeming
 Of heaven's eternal day.

THOUGHTS ON A BIRTHDAY.

DAY before which I was not ! day ordained
 Life mortal and immortal to bestow !
 First, that in which the soul for heaven is
 trained,
 Then, that of glory, which no end shall know,
 Day of my birth ! I welcome thee, and pray
 Each year may lend new brightness to thy ray.

Day of deep thoughts and feelings ! when the
 past
 Borne on the tide of memory rises dark,
 And many a plank, and shivered sail, and mast
 Tell of the storms that well-nigh wrecked
 my bark ;
 Day of regrets and sorrows ! welcome still !
 There's medicine in the bitter they distil.

Day of high hopes and arduous resolves,
 And kindling thoughts, which grasp things
 unattained,

When the fixed mind its history revolves
 All it has learned, felt, suffered, lost and
 gained ;
 And asks that deep within, each lesson taught
 May there, by thee, indelibly be wrought.

Day of bright retrospection ! when the soul
 Swells high with gratitude for mercies
 showered,
 Counts o'er the record twelve brief months
 unroll,
 But sinks beneath the summary, over-
 powered ;
 Day of adoring thankfulness and praise,
 To higher strains of love my spirit raise.

Oh be thou to me, each revolving year,
 A monitor more welcome and more dear ;
 A heaven-sent messenger, glad news to bring,
 And added swiftness to my spirit's wing ;
 Pouring within, around, a purer ray,
 " Brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

LINES TO A WANDERER.

ISAIAH 55 : 2.

Poor wearied spirit ! Like the dove
 Out of the ark, fatigued, distrest,
 Why o'er the waste of waters rove
 With panting breast ?

The storms of life have gathered round,
 On the changed earth no bowers appear ;
 No spot to build thy nest is found,
 'Tis stripped and drear.

Lookst thou beneath thee ? Wave on wave
 Heaves darkly, preluding the storm ;
 Not long canst thou the tempest brave
 With that frail form.

Already has the rough hail beat
 On thy young plumage, and thy wing
 Struggling against the driving sleet
 Needs sheltering !

And thou art faint for want of food,
Thy song is now a plaintive cry,
On the wide sea no crumbs are strewed,
 There thou must die !

I see thy fluttering pinions droop,
Fly to the ark, poor bird ! make haste ;
Struggle no longer, meekly stoop,
 Till there embraced.

Driven by the tempest, shouldst thou sink,
Ere thou hast reached that rest divine,
My heart with anguish bleeds to think
 What fate were thine !

TO ONE WHO HAD LOST AN ONLY
SISTER.

SHE is in heaven!—That thought alone
Should chase the grief which clouds thy brow :
'Twas said, from her Redeemer's throne,
"Into my joy now enter thou!"

She is in heaven!—How sweet the phrase!
Yet its high import who can tell?
Here like a glimmering beam it plays,
Of light, of joy ineffable.

She is in heaven!—lest earthly love,
So sweet, so strong, as hers and thine,
To both might too attractive prove,
Stealing the place of love divine.

She is in heaven!—to form a link
Between thy heart and worlds unseen ;
That there where nature's powers must sink,
Faith's holier virtue may be seen.

She is in heaven! that thou mayst waste
No thought, no care on earthly things ;
But travel with an angel's haste,
And soar as on an angel's wings.

She is in heaven ! that thou, like her,
 Mayst shine with pure and steadfast light ;
 Attract their eye whose footsteps err,
 And guide their wandering feet aright.

She is in heaven ! but still, unseen,
 With hers, thy notes of praise may blend ;
 On the same Rock thy soul may lean,
 To the same centre hourly tend.

She is in heaven ! that thou mayst prove
 How blest the Christian's darkest lot :
 Earth's joys may fail, earth's props remove ;
 But God, thy portion, changes not.

She is in heaven ! when thou art faint,
 And wouldest thy weary race were run,
 Think that the voice of that loved saint
 Whispers, "The prize will soon be won !"

She is in heaven,—has crossed, ere noon,
 The stream which bounds th' eternal land ;
 And wilt thou not rejoin her soon ?
 Yes ! though till eve thou waiting stand.

HYMN FOR A DYING BED.

WHILE ceaseless love and ceaseless care
 By all are fondly shown,
 A voice within me cries, " Beware !
 For thou must die *alone*."

That solemn hour is come for me,
 Though all their charms I own,
 When human ties resigned must be ;
 For I must die alone.

Terrestrial converse now is o'er ;
 My work on earth is done ;
 And I must tread th' eternal shore,
 And I must die alone.

But oh ! I view not now with dread
 That shadowy vale unknown ;
 I see a light within it shed ;
 I shall not die alone !

One will be with me there, whose voice
 I long have loved and known :
 To die is now my wish, my choice,
 I shall not die *alone* !

PRAYER FOR A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FATHER ! when thy child is dying,
 On the bed of anguish lying,
 Then, my every want supplying,
 To me thy love display !

Let me willingly surrender
 Life to thee, its gracious lender :
 Can I find a friend more tender ?
 Why should I wish to stay ?

Ere my pulse has ceased its beating,
 Ere my sun has reached its setting,
 Let me, some blest truth repeating,
 Shed round one parting ray.

Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
 Grant some bright and cheering token,
 That for me the words are spoken,
 “Thy sins are washed away !”

If the powers of hell surround me ;
Let the accuser not confound me ;
All for which thy law once bound me,
Thyself hast deigned to pay.

When though tender friends are near me,
Their kind pity cannot cheer me,
And they strive in vain to hear me,
Turn not thy face away !

When, each well-known face concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, thy gracious smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day !

When the lips are mute which blessed me,
And withdrawn the hand that pressed me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away.

When in silent awe suspended,
Those who long my couch have tended,
Weeping, wish that all were ended,
Oh, hear them when they pray !

176 PRAYER FOR A DEPARTING SPIRIT.

When the last sharp pangs oppress me,
Or benumbing chills distress me,
Let "a quiet sigh" release me
From this poor house of clay !

When my soul, no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then, with wings of mercy covering,
Be thou thyself my way !

HYMN OF THE EMANCIPATED SOUL.

O wondrous glories! beatific change!
 Is this the hour,
 Of which, through groundless terrors, fancies
 strange,
 I feared the power?
 Had I then seen what death alone brings nigh,
 My dread had been to live and not to die!

'Tis well the imprisoned soul can ne'er conceive
 The boundless bliss,
 Beyond what hope could picture, faith believe,
 Of life like this
 Earth's accents falter! thoughts within me burn
 To tell which, heaven's own language I must
 learn!

That wall opaque, forever broken down,
 Veiled from my sight

178 HYMN OF THE EMANCIPATED SOUL.

Forms, beauties, glories, mysteries unknown,
Scenes of delight,
Which now entrance me, while my quickened
soul,
All eye, ear, feeling, sense, can grasp the
whole.

Ye radiant spirits ! while with smiles of love
Ye share my joy,
Is it to welcome *me* to realms above,
Ye deign to employ
Harps which breathe round such thrilling
melody ?
To hear them only once 'twere well to die !

Oft while I wandered in yon earthly vale,
And upward gazed,
I longed your forms, your golden harps, to
hail :
But now, amazed,
I feel no mortal fabric could sustain
Such sights, such sounds : "To die indeed is
gain."

Yet this is but the dawn of heaven's bright
day.

What will it be,
There, where His glory shines with cloudless
ray,

That God to see,
Who pours through all my soul this gushing
tide
Of "joy unspeakable and glorified?"

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

I saw one walking softly,
Along a twilight shore ;
Far in the hazy distance,
A bark was coming o'er.

She did not doubt its errand,
It came to take her home ;
By many a solemn warning,
She knew it soon would come.

For this, her destined voyage,
She long had stood prepared ;
Each day, both night and morning,
No labor had been spared.

The place which long has known her,
The home she long has blest ;
These may not now detain her,
She *here* is but a guest.

She looks on all around her,
As soon to look no more,
She turns to that dark ocean.
The vessel nears the shore !

I saw some standing, weeping ;
They gazed upon her face ;
Then, shuddering, eyed those waters.
The bark approached apace !

While they were clinging round her,
While they implored her stay,
She heard the appointed signal,
Which summoned her away.

She looked in silence on them :
Their hearts were nigh to break.
E'en 'mid its marble paleness,
A tear stole down her cheek.

And then she fondly blessed them ;
They strove to speak, in vain :
“ We part for a short season,”
She said, “ to meet again.”

I saw the vessel mooring—
The expected call was given ;
She answered, “ All is ready ! ”
And, calm, looked up to heaven.

Then to the brink she hastened ;
The Pilot ready stood,
To place her in his vessel ;
The tide was at the flood !

I marked her still, intently ;
And striking was the scene ;
The dark expanse spread boundless ;
The rising wind blew keen.

’Twas night—the white waves dashing,
Cold spray around them flung ;
A moment, she felt shrinking,
A moment, backward hung.

“ Be not afraid,” he whispered,
“ Safe is the passage o’er.”
That voice at once revived her :
She knew it well, before.

'Twas then her fond companions,
Loth, very loth to part,
Besought they might go with her ;
Grief overpowered their heart !

They strove that bark to enter,
Spite of the surf and swell ;
It came to take *her* only :
A sweet voice said "Farewell!"

“NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS
DARKLY.”

1 COR. 13 : 12.

As through a glass, half clear, yet half concealed,
I view those glories soon to be revealed ;
But who can comprehend, till he shall die,
What “life and immortality” imply ?

A life without a want, without a tear,
Freed from our inward conflict, and its fear ;
Where none shall witness, none experience
 pain ;
I strive to realize such life, in vain.

And then, that awful hour (on earth the last) ;
That strange, mysterious transit will be passed ;
Will o'er the future cast its shade no more ;
What will it be to feel that Death is o'er ?

Thou ! who hast oped once more those golden
gates,
Closed by the sin of Adam, where awaits
The bright-winged form of *Immortality*—
There let her bid *me* welcome, when I die.

“AFTER THE FIRE A STILL SMALL
VOICE.” “COME UNTO ME.”

MATT. 11 : 28.

MOURNER ! to thee the Saviour speaks ;
Turn from the stranger's voice and flee :
Thy weary, wandering soul he seeks :
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

The stranger paints Him, harsh, austere,
Doubts whether hope remains for thee ;
Points to a pathway dark and drear,
Augments thy misery.

But Christ proclaims the mourner blest ;
Bestows salvation full and free ;
Promises peace, refreshment, rest ;
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

Why are thine eyes with weeping dim ?
Why presses guilt so heavily ?
Thy sins have all been borne by *Him* ;
Yea thine, on Calvary.

Fix on his cross thy tearful sight ;
There thy *propitiation* see ;
“ Easy his yoke—his burden light ;”
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

O'er thee with tenderest love He yearns ;
Thy guilt, thy grief, thy misery,
These are th' inducements He discerns,
For loving thee.

Mourner, canst thou such love resist ?
Those arms outstretched to welcome thee ?
Be every doubt and fear dismissed !
He whispers, “ Come to me.”

**“HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL
IN NO WISE CAST OUT.”**

JOHN 6 : 37.

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—

O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone—

O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—of that free love,
“The breadth, length, depth, and height” to
prove,
Here for a season, then above—

O Lamb of God, I come !

CLOSING SONNET.

THOU ! who all seasons rulest, and canst bless,
 Dark sorrow's winter and joy's summer bright,
 Whose smile preserves our life's sweet flowers
 from blight,

And gives its richest bloom to happiness,—
 That smile sheds radiance even o'er distress :
 And if it beam, these winter-flowers to dress
 In hues refreshing to the aching sight
 Of those whom this world's flowers no more
 delight,

The gatherer's heart will glow with thankfulness.

I placed them on thy shrine, to bloom or fade,
 As it may please thee,—worthless at the best,
 Still by this offering love may be expressed,
 Which thinks on griefs it vainly longs to aid.
 O, should they cheer one sufferer—one alone,
 Thine be the glory ! all the praise thine own !

T H E E N D.



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